

~RADICAL~ SPIRITUALIST.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance,

VOL. 1, NO. 12.

~MONTHLY~

APRIL, 1860.

B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

Stories, and Voices to Youth.

The False and the True.

In a plainly furnished apartment sat a young girl. Scarcely eighteen summers had shed their golden light upon her fair intellectual brow; yet the careful observer might detect a calm, serene look, such as the spirit wears when the victory is won over suffering and sorrow.

The meditations of Alice Carey were soon interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of her friend Clara Benton.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Clara, "I am so tired; nothing but Spiritualism, progression, rappings, table-tipping, trance speakers, healing mediums, and so on to the end of the chapter. Since father has become interested in Spiritualism, we are almost surfeited with an endless variety of wonderful demonstrations. Everything now-a-days is invested with wonder, wonder!"

Alice smiled in her quiet way, and remarked, "Well, Clara, I suppose you do not enjoy the belief that our departed friends can come back to us and cheer us with their spiritual presence. To me it is a beautiful thought, shedding a rich halo of beauteous light along the dark passages of my earthly existence."

"I do not object to your view of Spiritualism," said Clara; with you it is a living reality. You seem to practice, every day, what you believe. But dear me! to think how some professed Spiritualists behave. Why, there's Mr. A. One would think, to hear him talk, that the spirits had condescended to visit this earth for his special benefit. He seems to think that if he denounces all churches, forms, creeds and ceremonies—if he ignores everything that is written in the Bible, and harps eternally about the "dead past"—he certainly has ascended to the top-most round of the ladder of progression, and there is nothing more for him to learn. But speak to him about any of the reforms, call his attention to the subject of slavery, intemperance, or any of the great evils which are so rife in our land, and lo, how 'passive' he is, how willing that God should, in his good

time, bring all things right! Then there is Mr. C. He would walk ten miles to get a communication from the Spirit-World, and at the same time treat his wife and daughters as though they were his servants. For my part, I cannot see that Spiritualists act upon any better principles than do the different sects of religionists, who have great sympathy for the *heathen*, while the poor and needy may suffer and starve at their own doors. So it is with many of the so-called reformers. I know of one man who gave five hundred dollars to the Anti-Slavery cause one year, but reduced the wages of all those employed in his service, and increased the rent on his buildings tenanted to poor people, so that he actually saved his five hundred dollars, and got his name trumpeted in all the Anti-Slavery newspapers as being an exceedingly generous man! I sometimes get so out of patience with the world, that I think if I had the control of matters, I would have them differently adjusted."

Alice looked more serious now, and said: "Dear Clara, there is too much truth in what you have uttered. I am not surprised that many minds become disgusted with Spiritualism and religion when they judge of them by the fruits which are manifested in the lives of their professed believers. But we must be patient with the faults and mistakes of our fellow mortals, not forgetting our own. It is a grief to me, that those who profess to be taught by exalted angels, should manifest so little of the angelic spirit in their lives, and in their dealings one with another. It is also painful to know that those who acknowledge the meek and loving Jesus should so often forget this precept of his: "If ye love me keep my commandments." And it is painful to realize that many who seem to have great abhorrence to Southern Slavery, should willingly bind heavy burdens upon those who are employed in their workshops, factories, or kitchens, and should often fail to do what common humanity requires."

"I have wept tears of sorrow when I have realized how Spiritualism has been abused—how mercenary minds have taken advantage of this heavenly doctrine, and have built partition walls of dollars and cents be-

~TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.~

tween the bowed mourner and the angel world. I once saw a pale-faced youth, with a great grief resting upon his heart, approach one of our favored mediums and ask if he could give him a communication from the Spirit-world. "A dollar an hour are my terms," said the medium, who dared to set a price upon angelic teachings, and repel an unfortunate brother, who was skeptical in intellect, but who longed in the heart to feel the thrilling joy that his beloved ones lived again. But this is the *false* and not the *true* Spiritualism. We must discriminate between the two. There are mediums who delight to comfort the mourners; who spend, not only hours but days and weeks in breathing spirit-messages into the ready ear of earth's stricken children.

"To me, Clara, Spiritualism is sacred—so sacred that I cannot make it a subject of common conversation. Hence I am misjudged, and accused of wanting interest in this subject, when at that very hour my soul is basking in the bright sunbeams of this heavenly doctrine. I view Spiritualism as I do the picture of some dear friend. The picture is sacred to me; I wear it near my heart, away from careless eyes, that would only gaze upon it to criticise. So with Spiritualism. I would enshrine it in the heart's deepest recess, and only reveal it, when I could do so to benefit others."

Clara looked reverently upon her friend and said: "Dear Alice, I would learn of you. You have known sorrow, and you are competent to teach others. I will no more speak lightly of a doctrine that has caused such gems of beauty to sparkle in your shadowy pathway. I will reverence *true* Spiritualism, and try, like you, to be patient, and not hastily condemn the mistakes of others."

Here our friends separated. Alice, glad that she had imparted light to her friend's receptive mind, and Carrie resolving that she would try in the future, to discriminate between *false* and *true* Spiritualism. H. N. G.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up stairs until I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life! O, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

HOW TO LOOK UGLY.—Boys and girls never look so well as when they are amiable. Bad passions disfigure their faces, and render them ugly, while kind affections call forth all their beauty.

Who can fail to see the difference between the rage painted in an angry boy's face while picking up a stone to throw at his companion, and the love that is seen there while throwing his arms round the neck of an affectionate parent?—*Early Days.*

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIOS:

ANGEL VOICES, PEARLS OF FRIENDSHIP, CORRESPONDENCE, EXTRACTS; PUBLIC, PRIVATE, OLD, NEW.

A Spirit Wife to her Husband.

Dear A.: I did love you well. My soul was bound to you by ties which death has not severed. When I found myself an inhabitant of the spirit world, my first thoughts were of those dear ones I had left behind. I looked anxiously into the faces of the angels that were near me, to ascertain whether I should be permitted to revisit the earth, and impress you with my thoughts. I was informed that I could do so. Gladly I stepped out upon the silent air, and with the fleetness of thought, I hastened to my earthly home. Sadness and gloom was there—all was desolate. You, dear A., was bending in agony over my lifeless remains—clinging to the dust, worshipping the casket that had contained the jewel. But the soul was not in that body; still it was near you, and you knew it not. My spirit arms were thrown around you, but you felt them not. You could not hear the spirit's soft whisper, because your soul was enshrouded in gloom. You did not, in that hour of deep sorrow, pause to ask if the spirit could return and speak peace to the afflicted ones it had left behind.

Dear A., neither of us thought much upon this subject when we were together upon the earth. Our young hearts were satisfied in each other's love, and we thought not much of the great future—the life beyond. But now the scene is changed. I am an inhabitant of the spirit realm; you are a dweller a little longer in the earth sphere. Now you will be attracted to this dear home; for the star of your earthly sky has set, and risen more radiant, more brightly, in the spiritual horizon of our Father's kingdom. Dear A., I will not leave you sorrowful, but will come to you in the brightness of the morning, at dewy eve, and in the deep hush of night. Beloved, I will not leave you desolate. J. A. D.

TO E. We still come to you laden with blessings unnumbered; with our souls freighted with love-tokens, and with bright buds of beauty, gathered from our perennial gardens.

We sometimes return to our Spirit Home, after visiting your sphere, saddened, because we find so many crushed and withered hearts, starving for the want of human love and sympathy. But we know that the hour will soon come, when the worn and weary spirit will be enfolded in the arms of those loving angels, whom our Father sends, to take to its home of rest. Peace be to the stricken heart, peace evermore!

FRIENDS: there is wisdom in investigating all things, whether human or divine—but there is danger of your criticising others more from habit than to know what is truth.

'There is babbling more than enough . . . but little true speech.'

From Austin Kent.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTER AND BOOK.

Friend Butts: thank you for the notice you gave my little book, in yours of Jan. Your readers will suppose from the last part of it, and your writing the word promiscuous with quotation marks, that I teach promiscuity. I think this was a mistake, and that you did not intend to so represent me. I am definite in that part of my book, in the Introduction I think. I was not in the least disturbed by this, but thought I would suggest to you the mistake.

We here insert the passage referred to:

"When we write non-exclusive, we mean not absolutely exclusive—no more. By promiscuous, we sometimes mean no more than the opposite of entire exclusiveness: the context will show when it means more. We do not teach an entire non-exclusiveness, or, what is the same, an absolute promiscuity. To us, this is equally absurd with entire exclusiveness. Various shades of preferences are natural and so proper. Different minds differ as to their leanings towards entire exclusiveness, or its opposite—absolute promiscuity. This is more or less true on every plane of sexual or conjugal love. What we declare to be true of this love is true of every other love. No man or woman is absolutely promiscuous in their social or adhesive attractions. Nor is any one absolutely dual and exclusive."

Since the book was out, I have never seen one opponent to my views, ever allude to my first main argument. All have ignored it. I believe all have dealt in the same way by my second argument, viz: That all of man's acts of utility (and he should perform no other) should be under the guiding control of his leading manhood—benevolence and beneficence.

It is impossible for any mind to overlook the first argument, viz: That mind must love like objects alike,—or the second, above stated. These comprehend about all of the direct argument in the book. I reply some to others. I am most glad to see any man so directly and squarely aim a shot against any of the out-posts of the little work. If these can be carried, it will in some minds, at least, weaken the main citadel. The truth is, if that book is not truth, I am very fanatical in regard to it. I have believed that no living man could sustain an argument against either of the two first propositions of the book. The greater and better the man, the harder the task. I never could get up an argument against one of nature's truths—mental truths, or facts."

Here our friend goes briefly into "the animal argument," from which we do not dissent at all, based as it is on a misinterpretation of our meaning. We did not say that sexual love in animals was exclusive after it had ended, but only while it continued, which is beyond question. We accept the truth of both of our friend's main propositions; but are not therefore persuaded that "benevolence and beneficence" naturally lead to brief or transient affinities, as the race progresses under the law of freedom; or, that like objects (in a universe where such objects do not in fact exist), will naturally tend to disturb the comparative permanence of dual conjugal associations.

Voice of Experience.

The Semi-Monthly appearance of the "P. C." with its words of "faith, hope and charity," ever brings to my mind a tender remembrance of the tried friends of humanity, whom it has been my privilege to know in H.; and to day, as I open the No. of April 10th, and read therein the Prospectus of the "Radical Spiritualist," I feel reproved for my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your letter. I did, indeed, highly value your words of sympathy, inspired as they were by an elevated faith in the wisdom and use of heavenly discipline.

Indeed, though I can now look back upon much preparatory discipline, I was so completely crushed by the blow which fell upon me, (so unexpectedly at last,) that it was long ere I could get the command of my scattered faculties, and view these experiences coolly, from the stand point of certain principles which I believe to be long to eternal right.

I believe such a thing is possible, as true spiritual freedom of the affections. I believe some persons may already have attained to this heavenly state; but the race is not yet developed to the plane where this condition is very generally attained, even among those professing to understand the principles. * * * My observation of many of the practical phases of what is termed the "Free love movement" as an external affair, lead me to regard it as an evil and bitter thing; especially is this the fact so far as it is professedly under Spiritualistic guidance and control. The great controlling Spirit allows the race to work out its own destiny with seeming freedom. So each individual soul must have its own discipline.

I have long felt, that the order and beauty of a true woman's life depends on her conjunction with a man who can call out her divine nature in some degree of wholeness—resting in this, she might gather from others some of the needed elements to perfect and glorify this central love. Without such conjunction and companionship, life seems to me a thing to be endured, rather than enjoyed; yet I have had even this dreaded experience. I can smile when my heart is aching with loneliness. I can comfort, encourage, and strengthen others to enjoy earth-life, while my spirit is longing to soar away above all its din and strife—can enjoy the remembrance and contemplation of domestic bliss, though myself cut off from some of the diviner possibilities of a womanly destiny.

It is as true that great evils exist in the matrimonial relations of men and women at the present day, as that Commerce is infernal, and Law unequal; but the ideas people entertain of perfect happiness with this or that partner in wedded life, seem to me as unreal as the common idea of the connection between wealth and happiness. * * * External change of relationships do not reach the case, much less remove the cause. More enlightened views of marriage must prevail before the better life is realized.

Meanwhile, with the recognition of Divine Providence, the discipline of married life—aye, even the dire experiences of ill-assorted marriages, may be of an eminently purifying tendency, and may bring about a more heavenly condition of soul than can ever be reached by the wanton abandonment of plighted faith.

THE ANGEL AND THE SLAYER (a poem of sixteen pages), is just printed. Subscribers to the SPIRITUAL REFORMER, expressing the wish to receive a copy, will receive one gratis. Orders addressed to this office.

Radical Spiritualist.



No Union with Warriors!

HOPEDALE, APRIL, 1860.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison on the Bible.

We are indebted to Geo. H. Young, Hopedale, (phonographic reporter) for the following mainly words from the speech of Mr. Garrison, on the Bible, made at Milford, Mass., 19th Feb. Mr. G. said:

There are two infirmities of the human mind, which are equally disastrous, and equally to be deplored. The one is skepticism, the other, credulity. The former is so wrapped up in its self-conceit, that it is not prepared to receive rational evidence in many directions. The latter has a disposition to receive whatever is communicated, especially if it be of a marvelous character. The more marvelous, the more readily is it received, until reason is overthrown. I think these infirmities have been characterized in nothing so much as in men's estimate of the Bible, and the doctrine of its plenary inspiration.

Now, there are those who carry their reverence so far (I think it is affected) as to say they are prepared to adopt *all* this book teaches, no matter how much it may be at variance with morality, or justice, or righteousness. If it is in the Bible, it must be obeyed. And all such persons claim to be pious. There is nothing in this book which they cannot swallow. They do not doubt that Jacob wrestled with the angel—that he fell—have no doubt of it, because it is in the Bible. Any other book recording similar facts, they would laugh to scorn. They do not doubt that Samuel rose from the dead and appeared to Saul; for it is in the Bible. Tell them, that in Boston, any body from the grave appeared to any person in this life, and “it is an optical illusion.” It is affirmed in this book that Jonah was in the belly of a fish three days. If a man should come up from Cape Cod, and say he had been in a fish's belly, and was delivered up on dry land, why, we would say it was “a fish story!” So in regard to the resurrection; accept everything that is told of the resurrection of Christ, and you must accept the most palpable contradictions. There seems to be contradictions as to whether he rose or not, and as to whether he ever died or not. I name these things to show the absurdity of the man who says he will believe everything in the book because it is in the book. So in regard to the stone being rolled away from the Sepulchre. “Saul heard a voice from heaven.” “Not the least doubt of it,” says the believer; for it is in the book. Speak to him of the electric lights, such as many times I have seen. “Well, it was an optical illusion!” But I have also seen a table lifted in the air without hands; nay, with many hands resting upon it—making it much harder to lift. I once saw a very ponderous table rise up in the air, and when it had reached a certain point, I said something about its turning over: and to the

amazement of the company it did so, and went down gently as if lowered by pulleys. “Well,” you say, “it was not done honestly;” but “a stone was rolled away” honestly, because the Book has it so recorded. Those minds who say these things do not take place, would have said the same of like manifestations in the days of Jacob.

What does a profession of faith in the divine and plenary inspiration of the Bible bring in our day? Is it a mark of true piety? Not the slightest. Go to Constantinople, and tell me what does it matter for the people to say, “the Koran is divinely given?” That is the sentiment of the nation. So in our country, the Bible is accepted as inspired, and men think they make out a strong case to be regarded as pious, because they say “the Bible is the word of God.” But suppose public opinion did not say it; how many men do you think would say it? It is because it is the fashion; it is *prima facie* evidence that something is wrong—this going with the popular current—how very Christ-like that is!!—sifting the cross by being where public opinion is! making the cross a gold breast-pin, and nothing heavier.

I think we may say the Bible is not the word of God, for it has a date. I can destroy it, so can you. Is it in the power of Christendom to destroy the word of God, that is from everlasting to everlasting? No! • •

Was any book ever so strangely treated as the Bible? How it has stultified the human intellect! how its letter has killed and its spirit made alive; how it has stimulated to crime, and to the performance of the noblest deeds; how it has given birth to the wildest delusions,—also, to the grandest conceptions of God; how it has been the refuge and bulwark of slavery and the gallows, yet at the same time the store-house of peace and justice; how it has perpetuated all manner of rites and ceremonies, and also swept them away forever—shown the avenging wrath of God to send his creatures to the lowest hell, and also made the blessed God secure righteousness to all his creatures! How contrary—paradoxical are these ideas; what controversies have arisen as to its views of God, Christ, heaven and hell, man and the devil! With what blind veneration has it been regarded by millions, and with what scorn has it been viewed by many! Yet, in spite of these conflicting opinions, how multitudinous are its truths; how beneficent many of its examples, if we will but take knowledge of them; how solemn and timely its warnings!

The book was written by different men at different times. Hence the difference of opinion as to its teachings. How few have had in themselves the moral courage to investigate as to the origin of these pages! We have had ignorant men to expound to us; for who know less of the Bible than the clergy? Have they not come from college, been turned out to suit the pattern? Of how to use and interpret the Book they are most ignorant; and as to arraying it against public iniquity, when have they done it? I speak of them as a body. Those who claim to be God's expounders of the book—did you ever hear of their arraying it against popular iniquity!

Geo. B. Cheever uses the Bible as a flaming sword in the battle against slavery; but he is crushed by his brethren. In the hands of the clergy the Bible is a weapon of terror, so that Gerrit Smith has said, as interpreted by the clergy generally, the Bible is the most dangerous book in the world. Henry Ward Beecher says

Eternal age, serene and passionless, is a happier boon than eternal youth.—BULWER

going to the Bible with commentaries is like looking at nature through a garret window. We come out of the Bible with those texts which we attract sticking to us. A war man goes to the Bible and comes out with "The Lord is a Lord of war;" and the peace-man, the non-resistant, comes out with *his* texts sticking to him.

It seems to me that he most reverences the Bible, and makes it the most worthy of respect, who makes the best possible use of it for the promotion of liberty and justice to humanity, and for the extinction of all that is corrupt. I find much in this Bible, which I believe to be at war with humanity; but I find a great deal more that is in agreement with it, and which, if applied, would elevate man. What do I do? Do I go to those parts which I reject and say this is the "word of God." Not at all. I take what I find in this book which is in accordance with what I call glorious principles all the way through; and in doing this, do I not make the best use of it? Whoever makes the best use of the book has the most reverence for it. He who makes a bad use of it does the worst thing. This will be denounced by many as infidelity. But in my judgment it is in accordance with the will of God.

Spiritual Reformer.

(CLOSE OF VOLUME ONE.)

The above is the name we propose to adopt for the Second Volume of our paper. We presume our Spiritualistic friends will not be less pleased with the change, as we shall probably give more attention to Spiritualism; and our radical, free-thinking readers, not less, as we shall make the SPIRITUAL REFORMER outspoken in theology, and on important social questions.

Owing to the small size of our columns, we have been unable to take a wider range of topic than we have done, without weakening the force of our testimony in special directions. We have spoken most pointedly on the question of slavery, and the interests of the outcast; but as we shall adopt, in the head of the SPIRITUAL REFORMER a perpetual preacher of Anti-Slavery, our future labors will probably be more devoted to other branches of Reform.

Self-justice requires us to say at this time that the *Radical Spiritualist* was not born, and has not been sustained, without effort and some degree of head and heart agony. Scarcely a line has been penned for it, till after body and mind have become wearied in other labors; which may explain any want of completeness in logic or rhetoric noticeable by the critical reader. Many, perhaps the main portion of our editorials never saw writing paper. They were "set up," as printers say, directly from the head, and with our own fingers; (being ourselves practical printers) an independence which we greatly prize, notwithstanding the privations attending it.

Such of our friends as are moved to continue with us in our yet infantile "labor of love" we would request to send in their names, if possible, before the 1st of

May, that we may the better determine how many copies of the SPIRITUAL REFORMER to issue.

To our readers who may be called to part with us at this corner of the road, we will say, Farewell! "There are many roads which lead to virtue," said Confucius, "and the wise man will be ignorant of none of them." There are mightier interests at work in this universe than such as center in our creed—interests in which we can rejoice, even though they do not directly aid us in our peculiar work. So, Good bye, friends. We send our angels to you, bearing our fraternal blessings evermore.

☞ The Terms for the SPIRITUAL REFORMER will be the same as for the *Radical Spiritualist*.

☞ THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE, in another column, under Portfolio head, so true to woman's nature, and so delicately expressed, holds up a faithful mirror to a thousand hearts, which, if they too would speak, would furnish the world with facts from which to deduce the wisest methods for the social emancipation of woman. From such women we would gladly hear; to them we appeal for the free and conscientious expression of their views, formed by experience both of the good and evil of the popular marriage state. How many hearts can they cheer and inspire, through their own suffering and triumph! Humanity waits in doubt and despair for their voice of experience.

ENTERED THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

In Milford, on the 19th ult., Mr. DANIEL S. BUTTERFIELD, aged 31 years.

Mr. Butterfield was one of the suffering ones of earth, having for many months been an invalid. We never saw him but once, and then under quite peculiar circumstances. Calling at the residence of Mrs. R——, we found several persons, who had formed themselves into a "circle." Mr. Butterfield was present. The medium, (Miss Fannie Davis) was entranced, and through her, came words of hope and encouragement addressed to the weary pilgrim. The silver tones of angelic love touched a tender chord in the heart of the suffering one, and, for the time, he heard low breathing melodies in answer to the soul's deep questionings. We saw the silent tears steal down his pale cheeks, and we were conscious that angel hands were ready to wipe them all away. We are glad that the tired spirit is now at rest; that on the bright shores of immortal verdure he is at last wafted, where doubts no longer shroud his vision. Bright angels, whisper softly to his lonely companion, and may she, with her little one, cast her care upon that Father who loveth them. H. N. G.

Notices of the Times.

Appointment of Miss Fannie Davis.

APRIL, 1st & 3d Sunday, at	BOSTON
" 2d & 4th " at	FAUNTON
" 5th " at	HOPEDALE
MAY, 1st & 3d, Sunday, at	QUINCY
Then goes home to Waterford, N. Y. Returns to New England:	
JUNE, 3d & 4th Sunday, at	NEW BEDFORD
JULY, every Sunday, at	LOWELL
AUGUST, 1st and 3d Sunday, at	WILLIMANTIC
" 2d " at	HOPEDALE
" 4th " at	MILFORD, N. H.
SEPTEMBER, 4th and 5th Sunday, at	PORTLAND, ME.

"MR. HAYWOOD'S POEM, delivered at the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Westminster, Mass. 1860."

The Author of this Poem, Wm. S. Haywood, for a number of years Principal of the "Home School" in this place and a prominent actor in the Hopedale Community, has given to it the impress of his strong moral and religious nature. Mr. H. is capable of great mental labor, and though not claiming to be a veritable poet, he has not failed to excel many who may think themselves such.

He opens the main part of his subject well:

"There are questions pressing on us,
Questions deep and questions high,
Questions on whose faithful answer
Rests our future destiny.
Shall we give them our attention,
Heeding well their inward sense?
Or, ignoring, blind and stolid,
Boldly scorn Omnipotence?
'Tis God's angel to us puts them,
'Tis his voice the silence breaks,
Hark! I hear the meaning accents
Of the Providence that speaks.
'What is man, and what existence?
What the end of labor here?
What is meant by human duty?
Rings the voice out soft yet clear.
'Answer, child of thought and feeling,
Answer with thy lip and life,
Answer with thy heart-aspirings,
Answer with thy soul's stern stirr.
In the spirit of devotion,
In the mind of trust and love,
We take up the urgent queries
Our fidelity to prove."

MISS FANNIE DAVIS spoke in Mendon, Mass., on the 11th ult., to a full concourse of people, awaiting with profound interest the inspired utterances of spirits from the immortal country. All were silent when the speaker arose, from the skeptical clergy to the bar-room frequenters and the mischief-making boys; for they felt the power of the Spirit-presence while discoursing on the 'Broad Church of the Future.' Many a dull intellect was brightened, and cold heart warmed by the descending light. Questions were asked, and well answered.

Abstract of Henry Ward Beecher's recent Lecture at Woonsocket, R. I., in our next.

"A DISCOURSE ON CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE IN EXTREME CASES. By Adin Ballou. Hopedale, Milford, Mass."

A thorough and able defense of Non-Resistance from the Christian stand-point, as a principle, never to be violated. Christian professors, and others, who are not yet settled in their views of the doctrine of Jesus on this point, or the reasonableness of Non-Resistance as a principle of universal application, would do well to read this pamphlet.

We have received "*The Spirit Land*," printed at New Orleans, Wallace A. Brice, Editor and Publisher. It is a Journal of Eight pages, about one quarter printed in French and devoted to the "Spiritual Phenomena and Literature." It is a good sized, lively, and fairly printed Southern sheet. \$3 per annum, advance.

FEMALE MIDWIVES GAINING GROUND. Mrs. Sylvia Goodwin of Worcester, a professional midwife, has within the past ten years attended one thousand six hundred and twenty-six cases, and with the loss of but one patient out of the number.

"THE SUNBEAM" is again shining. Batavia, N. Y., C. D. Griswold, M.D., Editor, Weekly, \$1 a year. We rather like the "beam" of this "Sun," so far as we see in its light. It sends down some right manly rays.

"THE RISING TIDE," published weekly, by David P. Daniel, at Independence, Buchanan Co. Iowa, \$1.50 a Year, is a new and promising Journal, Spiritualistic, and we presume, Reformatory. It is edited by Mr. D. and his wife. Welcome! new comer into the field.

The "BANNER OF LIFE" Monthly, Newburgh, N. Y. 25 cts. a year, J. B. Moores, Proprietor. It is small and rather poorly printed; but we are not one to say that it has no right to be; for we are a born Democrat. Make room!

The "PORTLAND PLEASURE BOAT. Truth against Error—Victory or Death. Portland, Me." This is an interesting, thoroughly practical little sheet, Weekly, \$1 a Year, "J. Hacker, Owner, Master and Crew."

The male printers on the *Worcester Transcript* have made a strike because girls were employed in the office. These efforts to prevent the sex from earning an honest living resulted in a complete failure, and every hand engaged in the strike was discharged. Good!

Rev. W. G. Babcock, Unitarian minister in So. Natick, has been dismissed from his ministerial office, because of the active part he took in behalf of the shoe-maker strikers in that town. Few ministers prove worthy of such honor.

Friend W. C.'s prose communication in our next.

We propose to lengthen the pages of Vol. II.

'It is not enough that we can risk our life to serve a friend.'

DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

WATER DRINKING. Professor Silliman closed a recent Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:

"If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, quiet nerves, long life, and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid, shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild dilutant drinks of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."

THE TRUE TEST OF LOVE. It is perfectly well understood, or if not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea or rush into a burning edifice to rescue his perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience and happiness of a wife in a small matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved, is a more eloquent proof of tenderness. This shows a mindful fondness which wants occasions in which to express itself. And the smaller the occasions seized upon, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

There is no use in saying worth makes a man. A poor acquaintance says that he put on broadcloth to accompany his family to a show, and was surprised to know how affable his acquaintance all were. The next day he entered town in his overalls, and was not known, nor could he obtain credit for a mackerel.

A MINISTER, noted for combining the somewhat incongruous professions of a preacher and money lender, was offering a prayer, in which was the following petition: "Grant that we may have much more interest in heaven." "Don't do it. The old sinner gets five per cent. a month, and that's enough, the Lord knows!"

Some graceless scamp says: "It is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be re-dressed."

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

BISHOP MALEY had a great deal of the humor of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well; to this the coachman objected that his business was to drive not to run on errands. "Well then," said Mailey, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well," a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.

FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my son, what possesses you to ask such a question." "Because I saw in the family Bible where you married Anna Dominy, 1838; and that isn't mother, for her name is Anna Smith."

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS. Wonder why our minister thought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put into the missionary box? Didn't I want a jews-harp just as much as he wanted the cane?

Wonder what makes papa tell those nice stories to visitors about his hiding the master's rat when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried, just once, to see if I could not be as smart as he was?

Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit house on Sunday?

Wonder what made papa say that big word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slap my ears because I said it when my kite-string broke?

Wonder why mamma told Betsey, the other day, to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie?

Wonder what makes papa when he's telling mamma how much money he has made in the month, and all about how he made it, say "little pitchers have great ears?"

Oh dear! there are lots of things I want to know. How I wish I was a man!—*Boston True Flag*

NAIVETE.—A little girl of our acquaintance, who was attending a protracted meeting with her mother, expressed a desire to "go forward," in order to "give her heart to God," and upon her mother's asking her if she could not do that as well, while sitting quietly by her side, she replied, with childlike simplicity, "Yes; but then, nobody would know it."—*Reformer.*

Some one asked Father Taylor what he thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson's condition in the future. The reply was, "the dear, good, blessed soul! I don't see in him any evidence of saving faith; but then I don't know what Satan could do with him."

A BIGOT. The celebrated John Foster thus describes a bigot. "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but as a line, and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right or left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards, on the one side or the other."

A CLERGYMAN, while engaged in catechising a number of boys in a class, asked one of them the definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they can go to heaven."

DR. P. once expressed his astonishment that a man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from a rib of our first parent. A young woman standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gave to the expression of her ideas, replied:

"Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

Rather a poser, that. The doctor backed into a corner of the room.



[For the Radical Spiritualist.]

Footprints.

BY MRS. ABBIE G. COMSTOCK.

There are many, many footprints leading from our cottage door,
And I see, thro' blinding tear-drops, that they backward turn no more;
I can trace them, sadly trace them, out to where the shadows lie,
Of the pure, white marbles gleaming underneath the wintry sky.

There's the little tiny impress of glad childhood's dancing feet,—
Oh! when they outward tended, how we missed their music sweet—
Of manhood's lofty bearing, and of woman's gentle tread,—
But they all alike are pointing to the garden of the dead.

And there I've wept and waited, through many a dreary day,—
And lo! some white-robed angel guide has rolled the rock away;
And from the gloomy portal that the angel opened wide,
I now can see the footprints leading up the other side.

Now I know the dear departed have passed o'er the shining track,
And I know, with all my weeping, that I would not call them back;
They have crossed the tideless river, they have reached the other shore,
And I know they now are waiting to conduct my footsteps o'er.

Oh, when the evening shadows are gathering around my door
Out in the cold, grey twilight I count those footprints o'er.
I seem to hear sweet voices upon the whispering wind,
Breathing words of cheer and comfort to those who are left behind.

We look in each other's faces, and the silent teardrop falls,

As we count the vacant seats within those dear old cottage walls;
But we dread not now to follow upward through the silvery sheen—

There our footprints all may mingle and no graves will be between.

New York, March, 1860

Dear Sister: when dark clouds around us gather, may we ever look beyond death's portal, to that beautiful spirit-land where our departed ones have become bright, immortal angels.

H. N. G.

GRACE GREENWOOD IN PRISON. During a visit in Columbus, Grace Greenwood received and accepted an invitation to "preach to the spirits in prison."

She said in her concluding remarks:

You can have great help, if you will accept it. Prison walls, bars and bolts cannot shut out from your souls the sweet and sacred memories of home and happy old times—of the faces of your mothers—sorrowful and worn, yet full of love and forgiveness—of the piteous gray hairs and bowed heads of your fathers—of the faces of brothers and sisters—wives and husbands—and the dear little faces of your children. All these memories and loves plead with you, to lead true and noble lives henceforth. Nor is this all. God's love follows you within these gloomy walls—even as his beautiful sunshine finds its way through these grated windows, this morning, and falls upon your heads like a visible blessing—And even when you are shut in your narrow cells at night you are not alone. God's pitying angels stand at your bedside, and watch over you—poor stray children of the Father—with yearning tenderness—bringing you sometimes a dream of home and your dear ones—sometimes a hope of pardon and heaven. Oh, take heart! A pure and honorable life is possible for you all—God has not lost his hold upon you yet.

—Agitator.

To our aged friend, Warren Clark, we are indebted for the following lines, which we gladly insert from respect to the "good old man," in whose soul the poetic sentiment of youth still lives, and will go with him to the Spirit-Land.

The Light Shines.

This is a glorious day indeed!
The light—it shines so rare;
In wisdom's ways with quickened speed,
We'll run with heavenly care.

With joy we'll mount the shining way,—
With angels bright we'll go;
O, blessed hope of endless day,
What joy we then shall know!

No tongue can tell the raptures there,
That feast the weary soul;
Bliss floats upon the ether air,
In waves of shining gold.

Gasport, N. Y.

The man of genius . is not elected supreme; he is born so.—H. JAMES.